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Your firm brown hand flung out in the crowding of horses,
Greeting me over the necks of wild white horses, galloping
home.

NEVERTHELESS

Inasmuch as I love you
And shall know no peace more unless I am near you,
Though you are a flame of will
Proud and variable as you are beautiful and dear—
Nevertheless I will go your way,
Since you will not go mine.

Therefore, although the cool roads of my village
Are more pleasant to me than the pavements of your city;
Although its dim streets are more kindly than your glaring arcs;
Though the unhurried voices of my townspeople
Are more friendly music in my ears than the screamings
And glib chatter of your city-dwellers:
Nevertheless I will go down with you into the city
And bruise my heart upon its bricks;
Become brother to its shrieking "elevated"
And learn to hurry away my days in this brief world
Among the grimy roofs that soil the clean young sunshine;
Thinking only at long whiles, in summer dusks,
Of hushed paths where hurrying feet have never trodden,
Of cool lanes white in the splendor of the rising moon.